

ISSACHAR.

THE

STRONG ASS, OVER-BURDENED;

OR, THE

GROANS of BRITANNIA

FROM THE PITT.

A P O E M.

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE TIMES.

P A R T II.

By J. M. AUTHOR of the FIRST PART.

46-9-4-722



PRINTED IN THE PRESENT YEAR.

ISAHAR,
I S S A C H A R,

The Strong Afs, over-burdened.

P A R T II.

O YE who know the times, ye faithful few,
Who know what's right, what Isr'el ought to do,
At such a time as this, when Church and State
Seem both declining at such doleful rate.
The State, who in her late unnat'ral war,
Did with our brethren o'er th' Atlantic jar;
By means whereof such numbers have been slain,
On both the sides, by land and on the main,
As fill each feeling heart with grief and pain.
For near two hundred thousand slaughter'd were,
And such a fund of treasure, here and there,
Hath been expended, and such debt brought on,
As shakes the pillars of Great Britain's throne!
Huge as a mountain! it cannot be mov'd!
Ah! how destructive hath this warfare prov'd!
Beneath this burden now brave Britons grone,
Nor less America than Britain's throne.

This causes taxes daily to encrease,
Which doth unmeasurably the poor oppress:
Yea, threaten hard to draw the curses down
Of God and man on both the king and crown.
And while the taxes are advanc'd so high,
They leave us now no source to get supply.
Like cruel *Pharaoh*, who by dint of law,
Demanded brick while he with-held the straw.
Our trade is broke; our commerce is declin'd;
And now, alas! what have we left behind?

Only our bodies, and our lands remain
 We must be sold for slaves to endless pain,
 Unless redeem'd by kind indulgent Heav'n,
 Since all discouragement to trade is giv'n.
 And tho' new taxes on us still are laid,
 The revenue is little better made;
 For tho' by taxes thus they pick our bones,
 They are devour'd by new commission'd drones.

Such inundation hath of late been shed
 Of human blood; such innocents have bled,
 Thro' pride and avarice of cruel men,
 As makes the State like some rapacious den
 Of ravening wolves, divest of all regard
 To God or man: not innocence is spar'd,
 But war against both God and man's declar'd!
 Such has our headstrong conduct been of late,
 And such disorders hath befall'n the State,
 As may presage a speedy desolation,
 Unless we see a timely reformation.
 Our Statesmen seem to be at ease this day,
 While tax on tax they on the people lay:
 They feel them not; but take their wanton ease,
 While they th' industrious burden as they please.
 They seem not to expect a future state,
 But only in the present to be great.
 Our soldiers too, as in the ancient times,
 Are often forc'd upon flagitious crimes.
 I pity them who dare not once dispute,
 But must whate'er they're bid to execute.
 Whatever errand they are charg'd to go,
 They must obey tho' conscience bid them no.
 Yea, they their orders must at once fulfil
 Altho' it be the innocent to kill:
 To rob and plunder poor and fatherless,
 And put the widows into dire distress.
 They must their officers at once obey,
 Regardless tho' the King of kings gainsay.

(4)
As when our blessed Lord was crucified,
Their rulers orders must not be denied.
So in devouring of his foll'wers too,
The will of their commanders they must do;
As in last cept'ry, when the saints of God,
Were persecuted, and were spilt their blood.
The soldiers must assist when 'twas requir'd,
By those who were by Lucifer inspir'd.

So at this present day, when an intruder
Is to be settled, soldiers, ball and powder,
Must guard him in to his unlawful bread,
This is the cursed path some boldly tread.
And can we think the Lord will still look on,
Quite unconcern'd upon his heav'nly throne,
Regardless of what here on earth is done? }
Will he behold th' oppressor and the oppress'd,
And never cause the suff'ers be redrest?
If any can indulge a thought so odd,
They surely have blasphemous thoughts of God.
Tho' judgment be for reasons wise delay'd,
Just recompence shall yet be full repay'd;
And in due time shall bold oppressors know
God is not blind to what's done here below.
Tho' for a while they think his vengeance sleeps,
And that for them no just account he keeps;
Because he suffers them without controul,
A while to harass ev'ry humble soul.

Soldiers at first appointed were, to be
Protectors of our rights and liberty;
But now reduc'd to the disgraceful post,
Of rapine ev'ry where within our coast,
By diff'rent sets of men which they are under,
They're forc'd to ravage, yea, destroy and plunder;
Ev'n gaugers must have them at their command,
The most abandon'd set in all the land,
Collected from the refuse of mankind
Who had to vicious courses been inclin'd:
Orphans and widows these can make their prey,
Destroying what they cannot bear away;

(5)
As if account were never to be giv'n,
Nor any rule of equity in heav'n:
For some of these ere they obtain'd king's pay,
Were found collectors on the king's high-way.
But let th' oppressors know, God will betimes
Give them full recompence for all their crimes.
Some of the Priesthood too are grown so base,
That truth and justice wholly they deface.
If any of them are of crimes accus'd,
All evidence against them is refus'd;
Whether in doctrine, practice, or in both
They must from stains defend the sacred cloth.
Tho' evidence be full against them brought,
All is by sophistry reduc'd to nought.
A brother comes and does thro' av'rice plead
" To a priest's office put me in for bread."
—It shall be done: if any dare refuse,
Then they the military sword can use,
And force him in whoever may withstand,
This is (say they) the law of Scotia's land.
But what's the law of Heav'n? let scripture say,
Must I the law of God or man obey?
If this appeal were made, I dare be bold,
'Twould keep a many shepherds from the fold.
For God hath said, For filthy lucre's sake,
Do not the sacred office undertake;
But with a chearful and a ready mind,
The rules observe I have to you enjoin'd.
To feed my flock with diligence and care,
Poison them not with base unwholesome fare.
But many clergy now in this agree,
" Regard not souls, but mind an ample fee:
Let all vain scruples now be laid aside
And for yourself and family provide.
Be sure get a good living when you can,
Nor be afraid of either God or man.
A scrup'ulous conscience may this rule despise,
But all the worldly wise men will it prize.

Be not afraid of what the people say,
 Your legal fees they cannot take away,
 And we, your brethren, of the venal sort,
 Your int'rest and your honour will support.
 Fear not (say they) but we will get you plac'd,
 Nor need you mind howe'er you are embrac'd;
 Regard it not tho' they refuse to hear you,
 You need not care tho' none of them come near you;
 Unless to bring your teinds and all your ducs,
 For that they cannot help, tho' they refuse.
 If none will come to hear you, take your ease,
 You'll be supported by your benefice;
 And let the people go where'er they will
 You may declare, They're wholly void of skill.
 And if your doctrine they at all despise,
 You may assert they nothing tell but lies:
 For if they never come, they cannot tell
 Whether you teach the way to heav'n or hell.
 And thus your doctrine you may well defend,
 And on our kind assistance may depend."

This burden must I, poor Britannia, bear,
 To pay for preaching tho' I never hear:
 For if I go sometimes I find it so
 That back again I hardly dare to go;
 Lest my unthinking children get a dose,
 Which they are yet unable to oppose:
 For some of them are wolves, tho' cloth'd like sheep,
 Who to the fold disguis'dly often creep:
 Not to defend, but only to destroy,
 And worry lambs, which causes great annoy.
 Arminians, Arians; yea, Socinians too;
 Deists and Atheists are among their crew:
 All of Patronie sending, not of God,
 Such as the scriptures utterly explode.

O, therefore, all ye faithful in my land,
 All such intruders zealously withstand!
 Yet carefully, lest ye the rent make worse,
 And in your bosoms cause a sharp remorse,

By not discerning 'twixt the good and ill,
 Causing divisions, void of sense or skill.
 Divisions are of all most dang'rous things
 To States, Communities, Empires, and Kings.
 Therefore beware, nor hastily divide,
 Division always make the breach more wide.
 O then let ev'ry party now unite,
 Against the common foe let all now fight.
 Stand to your arms, ye diff'rent parties all,
 And for the help of Heav'n united call.
 Ye ancient Mountaineers, whate'er you do,
 Ye Burghers, and ye Antiburghers too;
 And ye who have been forc'd by wrong, thro' grief,
 To join a party to obtain Relief,
 With all the faithful of the Church, unite,
 And for the cause of truth with courage fight.
 Let no disgust nor party zeal divide,
 But all agree and strive to stem the tide
 Of hellish errors, coming in so fast,
 Lest ye should all be carried down at last.
 For this will surely be the fatal end,
 If ye for pride and avarice contend.
 Such tinsel-trait will never stand the test,
 But in the court of Heav'n will be repress'd:
 None but the precious gold of faith and love,
 Will ever pass for current coin above.
 For many will at the great judgment day
 Come forth and to the Lord of glory say,
 " Lord, Lord, we've prophesied in thy great name,
 And for thy cause maintain'd a zealous flame.
 We in thy name have devils dispossess'd
 And made them fly with howling from their nest.
 Yea, in thy name we mighty works have done,
 And on thine errands cheerfully have run.
 We in our streets have often heard thee teach,
 Now to receive us, Lord, we thee beseech."

'To whom he'll answer, " Hence from me remove!
 I never knew your works of faith and love.

Your outward shews were odious to mine eyes,
Ye hypocrites, drest up in false disguise.
Therefore from me forever hence depart,
Ye workers of iniquity, whose heart
Was never changed by renewing grace,
Go ! and with devils take your destin'd place.

Now, hence my children, pray a lesson learn,
And make it now your only great concern
To make your calling and election sure :
For all the burdens you on earth endure,
Will lighter prove than feathers, when compar'd
To what will be the hypocrites reward.
O then, my children, while 'tis call'd to-day,
The voice of wisdom chearfully obey !
Let all afflictions patiently be borne,
While ye, as pilgrims, on my land sojourn :
Nor seek by sinful ways to break your bands,
But yield obedience to your Lord's commands.
But if you can by honest means remove
Your troubles here, I no wise disapprove.
But otherwise 'tis better to submit
Till God shall raise you from the fearful Pit,
Shall set you free from vile oppressor's jaws,
From crafty priests, and arbitrary laws.



F I N I S.